

RESTORATION

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No. 2.

St. Martha's Daughters Are Joyous Nuns

by Catherine De Hueck

Saint Martha and I have been old friends for ever so long. For she most assuredly was part and parcel of our household in those distant days, when all Russia and every home in it, was Christian to the core.

Thursday was baking day. That meant huge wooden bowls would be brought forth and filled with fragrant dough. Rye, whole wheat, and white stood side by side in perfect harmony. But dough is tricky, and so St. Martha had to be called to watch over it and see to it that every loaf would come out sweet and tender. And she did.

Come Christmas, or Easter, or any big Church feast, when food was part and parcel of the ritual of the feast, everything was placed under her patronage. For who better than she could prepare the supper of the Lord? And these were all dishes in His honor.

Or my first lessons in sewing, weaving, spinning, knitting, when I felt all thumbs, and tears would come to my eyes, Mother would stop her lessons and gently suggest I say a prayer to St. Martha. She would put things to right . . . and she did. No wonder she and I have been friends for ever so long.

It is therefore not difficult to imagine my joy when recently I discovered that right here, in my beloved Canada, she had many spiritual daughters. I found them of all places—in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, at the very Eastern tip of our vast land, practically in the sea.

Perhaps everyone else knows about them. But they were brand new to me. Brand new and fascinating. If the Lord had not given me my very special vocation to the Lay Apostolate, Friendship House style, I most assuredly would have been humbly knocking at their door, asking to be admitted to their joyous family. For that is their outstanding characteristic . . . JOYOUSNESS.

And why shouldn't it be? When one stops to think about St. Martha—really, truly THINK . . . joy wells up like a wave, a flame. Martha must have been filled with it . . . To be hostess and friend to Christ . . . to know that maybe today or tomorrow or for sure the day after, the Master will come and stay, to rest, to eat . . . why, words falter and fail at the thought. Yes, joyousness must have been the keynote of Martha's life.

Peace and Happiness

Joyousness that she expressed in service. For the source of that joy was love, and the visible sign of love is service. The sisters of St. Martha of Canada are like their patroness, in love with Christ, joyous because of this love, and eager nay, burning—to render service where it is needed. The results? . . . Such peace and happiness, that you just have to catch your breath when you see it.

Well, it was certainly not enough for me to just meet the joyous

daughters of Martha. I wanted to know them and all about them. They smilingly tried to tell me about themselves, gave me even a few pamphlets which were supposed to tell the story of how St. Martha came to Canada.

But long ago and far away I had discovered that romances, all true ones, and especially the tender stories of a soul falling in love with God, were hard to tell. Somehow they are too big for our puny words. Then again, nuns, like all women in love, are so shy . . . and because theirs is A TREMENDOUS LOVER, humble too. Well, mix shyness with humility and you have the average book or pamphlet about a religious Order. It struggles vainly to tell in dry, little, human words the INEXPRESSIBLE . . . and succeeds only in hiding so much, and veiling the rest.

I wanted to life that veil. Not because of idle curiosity . . . but just to warm my weary heart and tired soul, at this blazing fire of love. Also to tell the world about it. This poor world of ours, that walks in such cold stygian darkness, and needs so desperately to warm and light itself at this fire. The flame burns so brightly, behind all convent and monastery walls . . . And is usually seen, if noticed at all—only when it spills over those walls, into a thousand little lamps of service, and help, so lovingly and unobtrusively carried.

Yes, I wanted to find out all about the sisters of St. Martha. So I listened to the humble recital of the shining nuns, and read all the literature so diffidently put out for those who might be interested in joining them.

The first page of the pamphlet told me that though two religious orders were already working in Eastern Canada about 1900, there were still many parts of the Lord's Vineyard there left untilled. The Bishop of Antigonish, the Most Reverend John Cameron knowing this, founded the Institute of St. Martha, just for that task.

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Christ Speaks

You are the salt of the earth; but if the salt loses its strength, what shall it be salted with? It is no longer of any use but to be thrown out and trodden underfoot by men.

You are the light of the world. A city set on a mountain cannot be hidden. Neither do men light a lamp and put it under the measure, but upon the lampstand, so as to give light to all in the house. Even so let our light shine before men, in order that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father in heaven.

Matthew 5, 13-16

CHRIST the Workman



On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

'Twas a beautiful day in these uplands. The sun shone brightly and not a cloud marred the blue of the sky. The fresh green of new grass had effaced the brown and scarred appearance of the open spaces.

I wandered to the site of our former church. Our church, lodging and school, you know, were demolished to allow Hydro development in this district. I gazed, disconsolately, on what we might call the grave of former parochial glory. The pathways leading to the main entrance and to my quarters were there, as always, but they ended only in a scar on the ground. The foundations had been filled in.

To say that I was bewildered is putting it mildly. There was an ache in my heart as I tread again those well worn paths that ended in nothing. I have often thought since, that a similar feeling of futility must be the lot of many of my countrymen, as the maelstrom of World War II subsides.

The former paths of the "even tenor of their ways" when you behold the common people of today, lead nowhere. It is futile, for them, to think of returning, or settling back in their old way of living. Their slumber was rudely disturbed by chaos. They would not be aroused or warned by those ominous rumblings and distant thunderings they heard while they walked their former paths. If they had had their ears to the ground and acted when the trumpet of their true leaders had sounded, they would not, now, be stranded and forlorn. They merely shrugged their shoulders and numbly trudged their usual road. They heeded not the storm-birds piping from the thickets, calling them to cover—to SECURITY; social, economic and spiritual.

Visions Beclouded

Many a descriptive pre-view of the plight that awaited the common people for their smugness

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Hair Cuts Up A Dime? Then Organize A Co-op

by Walter Kontak

In the latter part of August, 1939, just before Hitler invaded Poland, I saw Harlem Friendship House for the first time.

On my second "Monday Night" there, Fr. John Cox of Fordham University spoke on The Antigonish Movement. He had just come back from a visit to St. Francis Xavier's University and a tour of Cape Breton Island, and had written an article, "I Saw a People Rising from the Dead." He had seen a Cooperative housing project emerge from a plot of land originally intended for a cemetery.

He told us of the work being done in Nova Scotia in Cooperatives and Credit Unions, and of the Adult Education techniques developed by the St. F. X. Extension Department. Before he had finished speaking I decided that this was the work I would do at F. H.

After the meeting I met with several neighborhood people who had also been inspired. We decided to form a study club. This led to my first contact with St. F. X., as I was chosen to write to the University Extension Department for information about what to study and how to study.

Upon receiving the literature, we agreed to study the principles of a Consumers' Cooperative. Our study club grew. After several months the club merged with another Cooperative group in the area. This enlarged body immediately became a buying club, and in a year's time expanded into a Cooperative store.

A Credit Union was the next Cooperative step at F. H. Naturally "Master of Their Own Destiny" by Dr. M. M. Coady, Director of St. F. X. Extension Department, had made the rounds and had convinced us that a C. U. was the weapon we needed in Harlem to fight usury.

In good Extension Department fashion we again started with study clubs. There was one on Monday night for the volunteer and staff workers of F. H. There was another on Wednesday night for F. H. Mothers' Club and the Blessed Martin dePorres Choral Group run by the Dominicans. There was the third on Thursday night for the Junior Councillors and the members of the Catholic Youth Organization.

The Money Grows

After a few months we formed a fourth group consisting of likely officers. The leader of this group was the secretary-treasurer of a large successful C. U. in the Bronx. He covered the duties of the board of directors, officers, and different committees.

Every time the groups met, each member deposited a small amount of money. This served to increase interest and to act as a practical demonstration. In a very short time a tidy sum had accumulated, proving to the most skeptical how easily the people's combined pennies grow into dollars.

Before I could see the study clubs chartered as a Credit Union, I entered the U. S. Navy. Even

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One Hundred Pounds of Candy Vanishes at Christmas Party

by Barrie Vannon

Over one hundred children attended the Christmas party given by and at Madonna House on Dec. 27th; and more than a thousand people—some living thousands of miles away—entertained the little guests.

The children were the boys and girls of Combermere, students of the Catholic school and the public school, babies armored in layers of cotton and wool, and wonder-stricken angels between the ages of two and six.

Nobody exactly counted the guests, but the women who served the cocoa toward the end of the party counted 92 cups, and reflected that there were many babies too young to drink that beverage.

The affair began, officially at two o'clock, but, unofficially a great many of the guests arrived before one o'clock. Some came on their Christmas sleighs. Others were brought in their parents' autos. Dozens, especially the children living on the hills to the south, came on long, low, home-made, horse-drawn sleds—the kind used for hauling logs over the deep snows.

It was a bright mild day. The thermometer said it was five be-

low zero. But the air is so dry in this part of the world that five below means little. It is only a suggestion that the day may get cold.

A woman drawing two well-wrapped boys on a sled, and carrying in her left arm a big pink cocoon with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, was the first to arrive. Scarcely had she unwrapped the boys and unpeeled the cocoon than a group of six young girls arrived. After that—the scampering horde!

The vestibule was too small for all the wraps and caps and mittens and scarves and rubbers and boots. The kitchen, the sewing room, and the upstairs bedrooms were turned into clothes bins—although the sewing room was already overcrowded with tables containing plates of candies and cookies and piles of bright paper napkins, and rows and rows of cups.

For an hour the stairway thundered. Quick excited feet rushing up. Quick excited feet scurrying down. But, shortly before two o'clock all the children, and most of the mothers who came, were in the big library, staring at the Christmas tree and the heaps and

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JERUSALEM

"... ARISE, BE ENLIGHTENED. O JERUSALEM; FOR THY LIGHT IS COME AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS RISEN UPON THEE..." (Lesson from Isaiah the prophet, read on the feast of Epiphany.)

Yes indeed, the glory of the Lord has risen over us Catholics—the modern children of the eternal Jerusalem which is the Church. And for two thousand years we have been enlightened, FOR THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD HAS DWELT AMONGST US... But have we arisen?

The truthful answer would be—NO. Notwithstanding the Glory of the Lord that dwelt amongst us. Notwithstanding the never silent voice of the Watchman of the Night, God's representative on earth calling us to awaken. We slumber on.

True, there are some stirrings here and there. A few have even awakened because war, hunger, sorrow and pain have moved into their beds. But we of the North American Continent, wrapped-up in our warm, cosy complacency and indifference, sleep on. Seemingly unaware that not only our beds but our very lives are poised over an abyss from whence there is no return.

A few years ago a man named Berdyev, wrote a book called THE END OF OUR TIMES. (We recommend it to your attention and reading.) And now the end of OUR time is at hand indeed... and... we sleep on, the sleep of sloth, the sleep of carelessness...

Yet, in His infinite mercy, the Lord would grant us time IF ONLY WE WOULD ARISE AND BE ENLIGHTENED... enlightened into the realisation that we possess the truth and the fullness thereof, and with it we possess life... not only for ourselves, but for the whole world and everyone in it.

Truth and life shall make us and the world free. And freedom, this type of freedom—means happiness and peace, the two gifts men desire above all others. We Catholics have it within our power to give these gifts, for we are the children of the new Jerusalem... the brothers of Christ, the sons of His Father, through Whom we can do all things.

Why then do we sleep on? Let us arise and be about our Father's business! And the business of God—IS LOVE. Let us be afire with the Fire of the Holy Ghost—which is Charity. For the House of the Lord is besieged on all sides. Love alone can restore it. Let us arise and hasten to the task.

Let us start on the restoration of the Temple of God within our souls first, and in those of others next.

For there is much to do, and so little time to do it in. Let us begin now, and at the beginning. The beginning is the home, the family, which preceded church and state and is the cornerstone, the foundation, of all human life. If the foundation goes, the edifice will fall. Let us start then at this foundation, bringing Christ back into the home.

Not the sugary Christ of cheap chromos. No. The strong Christ of reality belongs in the home. For these are the days of chaos. Of tragic warfare between ideas. The home will survive only if husband and wife and children live in the real, the true Christ of Bethlehem and Calvary. Staunch and steadfast in Him. Ready not only to die for Him, but what at times is even harder to live for Him and by His commandments.

To bring Christ back into the home is not easy. The Prince of darkness and the world will fight us every step of the way. We shall need all the helps we can find. Of these the greatest is prayer. And Mass, daily Mass and Communion is the best and greatest prayer of all. Let us participate in both daily. Prime and Compline—the official prayers of the Church Militant are next on the list of helps. Let us learn them and teach them to our children, so that the voice of the home blends with that of the whole Church, gathering strength from it.

This is the century of Mary, the Mother of God. Let us bring back into the home Her prayer—the family rosary... But let us do more. Let us bring back Solemn Bethroths. Pledging our truth before a priest of God, thus receiving special and great blessings on our new love. Let us bring back Nuptial Mass in all its beauty and splendor, with bride and bridegroom, attendants and friends receiving the Sacraments, to start marital life in grace. Let us baptise our children right after their births, not waiting days, months and sometimes years to do so. Let us bring back the Churching of women, and restore seasonal feasts to the family circle.

LET US DO THIS NOW. FOR IF WE RESTORE THE FAMILY TO CHRIST AND CHRIST TO THE FAMILY—THE WORLD WILL SOON BE HIS AGAIN.

ON THE CREDIT SIDE

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had been given to them. Some said in derision "Mirage"! The others said nothing. The oplate of "individualism" and the "drooling" of the money mongers beclouded their vision and dulled their understanding. But we must go on trying.

A new resolve came to me, as I turned away from the scene of my shattered and buried hopes. A mile away, my new church stood proudly on an eminence, bathed in the splendor of the afternoon sun. Although I am but a lone voice crying in the wild-

erness, and small as that voice may be, I must keep on using it to give a message of hope, good luck and good cheer to people with the "right spirit." With the right spirit one can always rebuild and restore.

When you speak of a man as having the "right spirit" you pay him a high compliment. He is a well known and respected person with good influence in the community in which he lives. He has a solid faith in God, portrays a sense of personal responsibility, is self-sacrificing and always trying to translate into realities his lofty ideals.

Should a home be permeated

by a similar spirit, that home stands out in the community, much like a beacon light on a dark and rocky coast. When a school or college has this "spirit," which we may now call the Christian Social Spirit, students flock to its doors. It becomes a hallowed place of learning and character building.

Give that Christian social spirit to a community and you endow it with a glamor exceeding great. In that district people would be quick to accept their responsibilities, when the interest of God or the country are at stake. There, human relations would be on a high plane and well garnished with fraternal charity, social justice, and decency of life. Multiply these Christian social centres in the nation and you have a homeland wielding a strong influence for right and truth in a topsy-turvy world.

Show The Way

It is not enough, it seems, to tell a man that he should acquire the Christian social spirit, even for his own personal welfare. You must give him the way to take on that much desired quality. He must have a definite plan of action.

When your old house becomes unsuitable and inadequate for your needs, to reconstruct according to your requirements, you must have a drawing or plan. To evolve this plan you must take into consideration material at hand, craftsmen to assist you, and many other things. The same is true with our lives and the social order, when reconstruction and restoration become necessary.

You are ready to admit that there is something wrong with the nations of the earth and you have localized the canker in the very foundation of the nation—the family and individuals.

There is no doubt about it. Poverty and the uncertainty of livelihood, upset the peace of mind and the morals of men and women. Did you ever notice how grumpy some people are before they get their breakfast? It is very difficult to feel kindly towards the whole world and fulfil your obligations towards your neighbor when hunger is gnawing at your vitals, when you must live from hand to mouth.

There is a solution to the

problem. It is not a get-rich-quick scheme but it does bring about security in material things and is the exemplification of the Christian teachings. By it man regains freedom of action, freedom from fear, and acquires that which is fundamental; ownership of property and control of money.

When a few individuals or several combines control the destinies of a nation there is nothing else in store for the common man but slavery—injustice. To break such a strangle-hold of the money-barons, families must own property, their homes, and have control of the wealth they produce in life. This can be brought about by a well tried system or plan called "CO-OPERATIVES." It is nothing else but charity and justice in action.

Why Co-Operatives?

We advocate Christian co-operatives and especially credit unions for Catholic parishes for the following reasons:

A—Because they apply Christ's teachings to the economic and social order. "Thou shalt love thy God... and thy neighbor as thyself..."

(1) Co-ops have people work together for the common good instead of pandering to their base instincts through ruthless competition.

(2) The motive of service is substituted for the greed of profit.

(3) Equal opportunity is offered to all to replace the selfishness of monopoly and privileges for the few.

(4) Participation of all is invited regardless of race, religion or politics, thus shutting out prejudice and discrimination.

B—Because the ethics and philosophy of Co-ops are in harmony with those of the Catholic Church and are the expression and application to business and social relations of the great fundamental truth of the Mystical Body of Christ.

C—Because Christian Co-operatives are implicitly and explicitly approved by the Catholic Church.

D—Because Co-ops are economically sound, and are a middle way between the extremes of individualism and totalitarianism.

E—Because they are the most practical way of bringing about true Democracy.

A contrite
and humble heart,
O Lord,
Thou wilt not despise

CHRISTMAS PARTY

(Continued from Page One)

heaps of beautiful presents piled underneath its green branches.

Al Blais cut that tree in the forest. It was, originally, 32 feet high, he said, and as straight a pine as ever grew. He cut off the top of it and brought it on a sleigh to Madonna House. He had to cut it again before it would fit the room. You couldn't get a tree like that in New York or Chicago for love or money. Al donated it.

It is probable the children were more impressed by the packages under the tree than by the tree itself. There was one child who never moved her eyes from contemplating them, even during the games such as "pinning the tail on the donkey," or the songs, or the rest of the fun that preceded the distribution of the gifts.

Those gifts had come from various parts of Canada and the United States. The managing editor of Restoration, who conceived the party last summer, had

begged them. She wrote letters to the reverend mothers superior of convent schools, telling of the need for Christmas things for the children of Combermere. The nuns asked the help of the children in the schools; and all during the months of November and December the children and the nuns, and others too, perhaps, had wrapped the gifts, placed them in cartons, and forwarded them by mail or express.

The editor of the paper picked up some of these cartons at the post office, and others at the railroad depot twelve miles away, and brought them, in his car, as far as the garage. He had to carry them from that point to the house, a distance of a thousand feet or more—though he says sometimes it seemed half a mile—and it is reported he almost broke his back.

Who Enjoyed It Most?

There were wonderful toys in those bulky packages. There was candy—it totalled nearly a hundred pounds. There were sweaters, (Continued on Page Three)

The B's Corner

It was bound to happen. It always does. Especially when one is keen on its not happening, if you know what I mean. I was all set to get letters from my "young" friends from the U.S.A. and Canada, so that I would have both the fun and the pleasure of answering them in this very column in November 1947... and here we are in January 1948 and I have no letters to answer for the simple reason that I did not get any. I did not get any, because Lady Luck turned her back on us, and everything that should not happen, started to happen right off the bat!

To begin with, our printer lost his typesetter. And as no papers can be printed without this all important gentleman, we waited and waited for our printer to get another one. But it seems they are hard to get, so we waited a long time. Finally one was found and hired... but, oh tragedy... he was a French-Canadian... and his English, though good, was not good enough for the type of newspaper we write—Eddie and I—so we had to look for a new printer! And that isn't as easy as it sounds to you dear city readers! For if you remember, we are twelve miles from the nearest railroad station and some seventy miles from the nearest city-with-a-printer.

September went and October passed. November came and we were still looking. In the meantime Eddie's mother, Mrs. Ellen Doherty, fell sick and died. Please say a prayer for her soul. R.I.P. So we rushed off to Chicago. Wake and funeral over, I had to dash to Antigonish, Nova Scotia, to give a series of lectures at that wonderful University of St. Francis-Xavier, where they do such marvels in the rural-cooperative-credit-union apostolate.

Well, it was a long trip—all of three thousand miles there and back—and still no printer. I started a private novena to St. Francis de Sales, patron of all writers... and lo and behold he found us a printer. Off we rushed to press. And that is how it came about that I have no letters yet to answer, and how you were reading RESTORATION volume one, number one, of September... at Christmas or even after. We are terribly sorry this had to happen. And we promise to see to it that Lady Luck does not play such tricks on us anymore!

Did you know that Friendship House has given nineteen priests to the Church? It has also furnished six nuns, and fifty-two Catholic marriages. But there is a very interesting point about all Friendship House marriages. They begin with engagements—yes, I know most marriages do... but ours have special engagements before a priest. They are called officially, BETROTHALS, and a solemn betrothal is a special and lovely ceremony of the church that blesses a new born love, and gives many special graces for that lovely bit of time that precedes marriage.

How many of you know about it? What do you think about it? If you are interested I will either write about the ceremony for you in some future issue of Restoration or dig up a pamphlet on it. Write and tell me your reaction to this idea.

The Holy Father begs us to restore the home to Christ. Don't you think that a "home" is born when love between a man and woman is born? And don't you think it is fitting and proper to have that love pledged before Him Who gave it to them, before marriage takes place, so that this beautiful time—of being engaged—is all His? I think so, for that is the way it was with me... But now it is your turn... WRITE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK.

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ST. MARTHA'S DAUGHTERS

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The Bishop Prays

Oh, the understatement of this paragraph! I could just see Nova Scotia and the Diocese of Antigonish . . . its rugged coast line . . . its hardy, poor fisherfolk, and struggling farmers. Its pockets of poverty, sickness and sin . . . That, and a bishop kneeling before an altar, late into the night . . . praying . . . praying for help for all those who were tired, hungry, weary and sick of body and soul. Lower and lower fell his head before the Lord. Deeper and deeper lines of fatigue and sorrow etched themselves into his tired face. The burden was heavy for his frail human shoulders . . . the night was cold . . . and dark . . . and fear-some . . . He prayed on.

Who can tell the rest of the story? . . . Did God send him the thought of some young girl, or several, who quietly had been devoting themselves to just the task that bowed him so low before his Master? Or had he known them, or heard of them before? Perhaps he first had noticed them at Mass, or at the altar railing, their faces containing all the beauty of the world, because they were filled with God's shadow . . . a beauty so perfect that it passes unnoticed by the world, which has lost the sight to see it . . . How did the Bishop and the girl, or girls get together? What passed between them? Was their "YES" loud and joyous? It must have been joyous, but perhaps it was just the tender whisper of youth in love with God, told to an old man, who was also a prince of the Church? Did warm tears of gladness come into his wise eyes? . . . The pamphlet does not tell . . . and I can only guess.

The same shy little pamphlet goes on to say that arrangements were made for the religious training of the pioneer sisters of St. Martha, at the Sisters of Charity in Halifax, N.S. It does not tell how many "pioneers" went. Nor mention any by name. But I can see them. Young . . . eager . . . standing together on Antigonish's little railroad station watching for the Halifax train to come and take them on the first step of their great adventure . . . their love-tryst with God.

Whispering Habits

It must have been Spring when this happened. And if it wasn't—Spring was in their hearts and souls. It must have been. The long journey must have seemed very short to them, whom the pamphlet with humble anonymity calls—"the pioneer sisters of St. Martha." What about the novitiate with the sisters of Charity? It must have been glorious to learn about love, whose other name is charity, from the daughters of that flaming virtue!

On the feast day of St. Martha in 1900, they returned to Antigonish and opened their Mother House and Novitiate. So speaks my reticent pamphlet. I want to know more, ever more . . . Did they love to look and touch their new bridal gowns, habits—we call them? Did they listen to their rustling whispers, as they went about their many tasks, singing to them the song of surrender, their surrender to God . . . complete and final? They were professed now . . . and all His . . .

That humble and obscure beginning my pamphlet barely touches upon. Was it very hard? Did their day often turn into a dark night into which doubt and fear entered? Servants of the Prince of Darkness, they ever seek enery, especially into God's new strongholds. And wasn't the new chapel of the Mother House a blessed and constant refuge from it all, a focal point that made all things right . . . even the hard beginnings . . . the unmentioned struggles, the thousand difficulties, sorrows and pains, as well as losses and defalcations?

All were made right there. Yes, I know . . . it must have been that way.

The little Antigonish seed grew! To-day it is a tree whose branches extend from Main-de Dieu to the Rocky Mountains. From the very East almost to the very West coast of our immense land. Such growth comes from many things, but above all from Calvary. Were the fourteen station of the Cross very hard to make? Was the ascent to Calvary excruciatingly steep for the young nuns of the new Community to walk? What price growth? . . . The pamphlet does not say. Nor really could it. For growth, the growth of a soul, of a human being, or an organization dedicated to God, is a secret—THE GREAT SECRET between it and the Lord.

Hearts and Hands

The first work entrusted to the sisters of St. Martha, was the household management of St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish proper. Cooking, laundering, mending, sewing, cleaning . . . that is what the high sounding words—"household management"—mean . . . I paused in my reading at this point, to be glad. Yes. To be just simply, naturally and supernaturally glad. Proud too, that Canadian girls were entering a religious Order that not only taught schools, nursed the sick, did social work amongst the poor, BUT WORKED WITH THEIR HANDS AT HUMBLE HOUSEHOLD TASKS, taking care of priests, seminarians, and students.

For we Catholics of the twentieth century are the strangest creatures you ever met. Consider. We believe in the Most Holy Trinity. We believe that the Second Person became Man . . . and dwelt in the flesh amongst us . . . Lovingly, we tell and retell this great story of God's love for men to our children. The Catholic schools, on all levels, continue where we left off, and slowly the story deepens and widens before the growing child's eyes. Men have devoted their whole lives to its study. Libraries are written on it, and yet the subject-matter has not been exhausted and never will be—for it deals with the INEXHAUSTIBLE—WHICH IS GOD.

You would think that, with all this knowledge filling our lives from the cradle to the grave, we would at least realise that Christ was not born on Park Avenue, but deliberately choose the utter poverty of Bethlehem for His birthplace, and of Nazareth for His home. That He made the poor, the working man, the aristocracy of the world, by becoming one of them. That His human family were poor and worked with their hands. That He choose by preference, the poor for His friends. All this we know with our minds. But look at us! What do we dream about? Believe it or not, but most of us dream of living on Park Avenue . . . Hobnobbing with the rich . . . Being rich . . . Forgetting a humble origin, or, worse still, being ashamed of it. This is what Catholics of today desire with a great desire . . . We, who are supposed to be followers of Christ . . . The Christ of Bethlehem, Nazareth and Golgotha . . .

Even when we have a religious vocation and look around for an Order to join . . . Some of us seek one where there is no manual labor, except perhaps ordinary household tasks, done in the privacy of the Convent for the benefit of the Community itself.

A Priest's Socks

Difficult to believe? Ask the Orders dedicated to manual labor, or those who have to have lay sisters. How few and far between are applicants to that way of life! Do you wonder now why my heart leaped with joy, when I learned that in Canada there is an Order, and youth does come to it, that works with its hands,

(Continued on Page Four)

HAIR CUTS UP A DIME?

(Continued from Page One)

while at sea, somehow, I managed to retain my interest in the Co-operative Movement.

Along with thousands of other servicemen I vowed on re-entering civilian life to try to do something to bring men of all nations and creeds together so that another such a holocaust might not be repeated. My mind turned more seriously than ever toward the social field of cooperatives and labor. Whereas before I had dabbled in this work, now I decided to study the field thoroughly and to become a trained and effective worker.

The question was where to get this training. I wrote to the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. I wrote to the Workers' School, Oxford University. I wrote to Yale, Harvard, Notre Dame, Chicago, Fordham, Buffalo, and Catholic Universities. And finally I wrote to St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

After studying all the letters and literature I received, it became apparent that no other school offered a course in the Social Sciences so close to the social teachings of the Encyclicals, and with a technique or solving social problems as proven, as did St. Francis Xavier.

(To Be Continued)

CHRISTMAS PARTY

(Continued from Page Two)

dresses, new suits of clothes, heavy shoes, and thick wool socks. There was jewelry. One carton contained an expensive sled. Another held a complete wardrobe for a boy, everything new. (And in a pocket of the trousers was a letter and a sum of money.) And there were books.

There were so many things sent by the nuns and students that the managing editor had to call for help. She organized a "wrapping bee" some days before Christmas. Fifteen neighbor women helped her and the art editor rewrap and tag the gifts. They worked at top speed all afternoon until tea time—and after that until some time in the evening. So there would have been enough for every child had there been twice as many at the party.

I wonder who enjoyed the party most. The woman who organized it, those who came to the "bee," or those who bought and sent the thousands of dollars worth of dolls, drums, crayons, paints, books, dishes, games, clothing, etc., etc., etc. So much love went into that Christmas party, and so very many gave, out of their love, it would be impossible to say that any certain one was happiest. A mere onlooker, such as the writer, was happy just observing the wonder and the joy on the little faces all around him.

The candy, though it was plentiful, never had a chance. Most of it was devoured on the spot—or on the spots, for the children ran all over the house after the distribution of the presents (and the candy and the cookies and the cocoa). Only a little of it was wrapped in those gaudy Christmas napkins and taken home.

The party broke up as the ice breaks in the spring. The stairs thundered again. Nobody could find his hat or his coat or his overshoes or his muffler or his series of sweaters—not for a long time. And little girls stood in everybody's way, showing each other the presents they had torn out of their lovely wrappings.

It is impossible for the editors of Restoration to thank, here, all those who contributed to the Christmas Party. Their names would take up all the space in the paper.

But it is imperative to thank publicly those who gave so much, so very much, of themselves and their goods in honor of the Baby Who started all Christmas parties.

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

December certainly was a busy month here. The snow fell early, covering the ground with a dazzling whiteness, new to my eyes so used to the dirty slosh of city slums. It made the shadows that fell on it purplish blue, in honor of Advent to be sure.

Our little post-office, which looks like a drawing made by some celebrated artist—standing as it does at a wide bend of the river, and surrounded by huge pine trees that wear their white mantles like the queens that they are—was the goal of our daily pilgrimage all that month.

For we were making ready for our first Christmas party, which was held at Madonna House on December the 27th, for a hundred eager starry-eyed youngsters. The tree was out of this world. Nine feet tall and decorated with every bauble a child's heart could desire, and lit with many candles. A mound of presents—those we daily trudged to our picturesque post-office for, and which you dear friends sent so generously—was waiting for Santa Claus . . . And guess who he was. Why Eddie of course . . . He made the grandest Santa you ever saw . . .

Cookies and cakes there were a-plenty. Baked by the parents mostly. And games and songs. And hot sweet cocoa. Everybody was happy, as happy as could be. But the happiest of all were Eddie, Flewie and I, the three Madonna House inhabitants. It is such a privilege to make children happy. Thank you one and all for making this happiness possible.

The children's library and monthly story hour are now firmly established. Both are another joy God has given us. For the children hereabouts are sweet and eager, and oh, so interested in everything.

The Adult Catholic Lending Library is catalogued, and we hope to open it next month. A nice white and blue sign will soon hang at the gates telling the world about this new service. And that reminds me—WE ARE STILL IN NEED OF CURRENT CATHOLIC BOOKS, MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS, PLEASE!

Father William Dwyer, of the neighboring village of Madawaska, is the director of the Rural Life Conference of the diocese. It is with him, and under his direction, that we hope soon to be working on the establishment of Credit Unions, so needed in this part of the world.

But in the meantime Father has a real problem on his hands. For being a director of the Rural Life Conference, and an organizer of cooperatives and credit unions over a large area means MOBILITY. True Father has a car. But he needs cash to run it. Alas neither Father, nor his parish, nor even our far flung missionary diocese are wealthy. So the idea came to us, to establish A BURSE for Father W. Dwyer. A fund to make him mobile, give him a chance to travel . . . for the establishment of Cooperatives and Credit Unions in which he is

engaged IS ONE OF THE FOREMOST WEAPONS OF ECONOMIC RESTORATION OF THIS CHAOTIC WORLD TO CHRIST, RECOMMENDED BY THE POPES.

Oh, we know that an appeal like the above is not spectacular. Nor as obvious as the hungry and tragic people of Europe . . . and yet unless we prepare now, unless we give people like Father the chance to train others to help themselves . . . tomorrow we may be in the same plight as Europe is today. In 1939, we interviewed Cardinal Von Preussing of Germany. That saintly prelate cried like a child, or a martyr, and bade us to bring to Canada and the U.S.A. one message only—TO TRAIN AND PREPARE THE LAITY IN SOCIAL ACTION AS DEFINED BY THE POPES . . . Father W. Dwyer does just that . . . That is why we are starting A BURSE for him. The goal is A THOUSAND DOLLARS . . . EVERY PENNY, EVERY NICKEL, EVERY DIME AND DOLLAR WILL HELP . . . PLEASE MAKE OUT CHEQUES AND MONEY ORDERS TO REV. WILLIAM DWYER AND SEND THEM c/o RESTORATION, COMBERMERE, ONT., CANADA.

This year 1948 is a great year for us all in Friendship House. We shall celebrate the tenth anniversary of our New York City Foundation. Seventeen years ago Friendship House started in Toronto. Ten years ago it opened its blue door (painted that color in honor of our Lady) in Harlem. Five years ago the blue door opened in Chicago; three years ago in Wisconsin . . . It won't be long, May 18th, '48, to be exact, that we will be having our first birthday in Combermere. God is good.

Though we need many things for our new foundation here, from second hand clothing to cash, we feel that being Catholics i.e. members of the Mystical Body of Christ, and hence realising that though charity does begin at home it must never end there . . . we respectfully recommend to your charity and mercy:-

MRS. OLGA KOLYCHKINE
Bernecker Str. Hospital I.R.O.
U.S. Zone Bayreuth Germany

—and—

MISS ELSABETH SALGET
(22c) Königswinter/Rhein
Drachenfelsstrasse 2
British Zone Germany

The first is a "displaced person" (what a strange thing to be in a Christian civilization). She is a Russian. Her husband, three sons and two daughters were executed by the Communists. She escaped with her last daughter and two granddaughters, one twenty years old, the other 11. She seems to be in special need of vitamins, tea, sugar or candies. Clothing too, the sizes are 11 for the child, 38 for the adult women. Shoes 6½. Gloves 6½. Stockings 10.

The second is German. Her mother needs extra food. She has been sick, very sick.
God bless you.

Sister Mary Auxilia of St. Agnes Convent, College Point, N.Y., is one of these. And among the hosts of others are Sister Rose and the students of St. Rose Convent, La Crosse, Wis.; Sister Mary Eugenia and the students of the Ursuline College, Louisville, Ky.; the Sisters and students of St. Mary's Academy, Prairie du Chien, Wis.; the pupils of Grades 5 and 6, and the Home Economics Club No. 1, of St. Bernard's Academy, Antigonish; Sister M. Bernice and the students of Rosary High School, Bozeman, Mont.; Sister Mary Theodore and the students of Mt. St. Joseph Academy, West Hartford, Conn.; the Religious and

students of the Nativity High School, Detroit, Mich.; the Sisters and students of Loretto Academy, Kansas City, Mo.; Sister Mary Justine of Louisville, Kentucky; Sister M. Anselma and the students of St. Joseph's School, Long Island City, N.Y., and the Woman's Institute, Combermere Branch. All the parents donated home-made cookies.

Any attempt to express the gratitude of the editors of Restoration, however, is inadequate—even more inadequate than this story of the party.

The real thanks will come to all from the Christ Child, the real Host to all our little guests.

ST. MARTHA'S DAUGHTERS

(Continued from Page Three)
serving others. Especially priests and would-be priests. What a thrill to turn out a well cooked dinner for "another Christ." For that is exactly what a priest is. I think I would sing my loudest alleluia—if I had to mend a priest's socks, or wash his clothing, or sweep his room . . . For every chore would be done for Christ . . . so close . . . so visible in this, His representative on earth.

Then again it would mean really, truly imitating Our Lady. For what did she do? Can you imagine her holding long arguments on Catholic Action? Do you see her draped around a piece of modern furniture reading, with the proper intonation at the proper places, the mystical writers, and sagely commenting on them from the height of many well thumbed books? Can you visualise her wasting hours in some cafeteria or other, discussing heatedly over innumerable cups of coffee or tea, the fine points of Catholic social techniques, with which to reform a world gone nuts?

Hard to do? You bet it is hard. Impossible in fact. For she was a true mystic herself and hence never spoke of mysticism. Neither did she discuss Catholic Action, not any other action. She just acted—worked. Baked bread. Wove. Sewed. Cooked meals. Did the laundry. And every work was a prayer . . . for that is what work is. Any work. All work . . . or should be. She just WAS. In recollection and prayer, she reformed the world. For of this BEING BEFORE THE LORD, came her, FIAT . . . and Christ was born.

Mary and Martha

She and Martha were friends . . . and Martha must have learned much from her, and whatever she learned she transmitted to her daughters in Canada. For theirs is indeed Mary's pattern of life . . . They too understand that BEING before the Lord, comes before DOING for the Lord. Their beautiful, liturgical chapels are the very core and centre of their lives, but more than that, they bring into every task they perform the recollected spirit of the two Marys . . . Mary, The Mother of God, and Mary, Martha's sister.

Yes, they say little, those joyous Canadian-founded nuns . . . but they do much. Understanding perfectly that IT ALL GOES TOGETHER, for those who wish to love and serve and live Christ . . . Hence with utter simplicity and gladness they go from one task to another. Now superintending Nursing Schools . . . now being nurses themselves . . . To-day teaching school at all levels . . . tomorrow mending hundreds of socks, or running a social service centre, with all the skill required for its intricate workings, or—as joyfully and efficiently scrubbing miles of floors, or spinning, or weaving, or binding books, or printing . . . for they are trained in many skills and professions. Versatility, in fact, could be a synonym for the Sisters of St. Martha.

Nor are they static, or molded in the straight jackets of ancient precedents and obsolete rules . . . No, they are as dynamic as Can-

ada, whose true daughters they are, is dynamic. Young in their own right . . . young with the youth of a new world . . . they adapt themselves to new techniques, and train themselves to fight new dangers on ever growing unexpected fronts—be it of ideas or needs. How could it be otherwise, when their Patron saint was so close to THE MOST DYNAMIC PERSON THAT EVER WALKED THIS EARTH . . . THE INCARNATE WORD HIMSELF . . . GOD MADE MAN BECAUSE OF LOVE FOR MEN? No one whose house was a Bethany to Christ . . . could ever become dull, drab or static. How could her spiritual daughters get that way?

With their Constitution approved by the Pope on December 22, 1931, their shining spirit is at its height . . . For their way of life and work is indeed blessed now . . . and the fruits thereof are already visible—ten hospitals, two with Schools of Nursing attached. Public schools, orphanages, social service, adult education, catechetical activities, household management, and the women's section of St. Francis Xavier Extension are some of their works. But there is so much more about them, that cannot be either recorded or tabulated.

Write the Sisters

Young women of Canada and the United States, are you looking for a religious Order with a real "oomph" in it? Good. Then write to the Sisters of St. Martha. Are you really interested in BEING and DOING for God in a place where IT ALL GOES TOGETHER and nothing is missing, nor out of place? Then write to the Sisters of St. Martha in Canada.

I am told that the modern female youth, both in Canada and south of its borders, is soft, so soft that even in a religious vocation it seeks "a soft spot." I don't believe it. I know and love the youth of both countries . . . and a greater bunch of kids I have never seen! I'd stake my life on most of them. Only I think their elders are afraid to ask much of them . . . and they in turn are not interested in "parts" . . . THEY WANT ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL, which is grand.

That is why I am telling you about the Sisters of St. Martha . . . they have it . . . that "all" you are seeking, young friends . . . Believe me, they are cooking with heavenly gas . . . True there is only one road to sanctity and heaven . . . the narrow road of Christ's Gospel. But the sisters of St. Martha have marked its sign posts in modern language so that you and I can understand them better and follow more eagerly.

YES . . . IF YOU WANT TO GIVE YOURSELF AND ALL YOU HAVE AND ARE TO GOD, IN THE RELIGIOUS LIFE, AND ARE NOW SEEKING ONLY THE ANSWER TO — "WHERE?" —SEEK NO MORE. WRITE TO-DAY—A LETTER TO THE REV. EREND MOTHER SUPERIOR GENERAL, BETHANY, ANTIGONISH, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA, OFFERING YOURSELF . . . AND THEN PRAY THAT YOU MAY BE ACCEPTED . . . FOR THEN YOUR LIFE WILL BE ONE OF GLADNESS AND JOY. AND YOU WILL HAVE FOUND HIM WHOM YOUR HEART SEEKS SO LOVINGLY NOW.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Locked-in! What's locked-in but set free? We are locked in a beautiful green and white world. What if the snow plow hasn't been over our road yet, and we can't get to the highway? We have plenty of wood to burn, plenty of books to read, plenty of stories to write, and certainly enough to eat. We can even feast on wild strawberries, January or no January.

The morning paper is not delivered at our door with the milk—and the milk isn't delivered either. But we get milk. And there's always the radio to keep us in touch with the locked-out world.



And the morning newspaper is not the vital, essential, fascinating visitor it used to be. A man finds he can miss a day or two, or a week's supply even, and still miss nothing.

This from a man who wrote for newspapers for forty years, who couldn't bear to miss an edition, who began to read the morning daily from page 1 to page 48, at 7 o'clock of the evening of the day before; and yet had to go over the last extra final of the same paper before he was satisfied he had read it.

But many things change with a man. You lead an extraordinary life for forty years, travelling over the world, covering trials, floods, disasters of all kinds, getting the news wherever it may lie, putting it on the wire, seeing that it gets into the paper in spite of everything, including war and censors. You are always on the go, forever hurrying to catch a boat, a train, a plane, or a taxi. Excitement is a tonic to you. You don't think you can live without it.

Then, one day when you least expect it, the boss drops you a sad little note. His boss has told him to cut the pay-roll. You are fired. You make too darn much money. You are an unnecessary luxury.

So You're Out

Of course that's hard to take. After forty years of giving your best. But you figure you've had a better time out of life than most men, though you weren't climbing up to anything in those years, you were not making a

career of journalism—not exactly, even if you thought so many a time. Now let somebody else have the thrills and the travel and the great stories.

You know you're done, although you won't let yourself believe it for a time. You realize that any city editor can hire four or five cub reporters for the money you have been getting, and train them to his own ideas of what newspapermen should be; whereas he couldn't train you, and you're only one man, no matter how good you may be.

If you were a columnist—but you're not. If you were an editor—but you don't want to be an editor. If you were a specialist in, say, politics, or labor, or—God help us—Society—but you are only a general reporter; and too old, too set in your ways, too highly paid, and perhaps too particular about the assignments that might be given you.

So, eventually, you find yourself in the back woods of Canada—where the people still talk of the crime wave of 1945, when some unidentified fiend stole a fishing pole, a flash light, and a case of beer from an American tourist's automobile, and left not a single clue for the baffled authorities.

For the first time in your life you find yourself doing a lot of hard work. You carry in armloads and armloads of wood. Comparatively light pieces for the kitchen range; much bigger pieces for the living room grate; and tremendous chunks for the furnace in the basement. You man the gasoline pump that keeps the tank full of water. You dig. You plant. You weed. You rake. You hoe. You carry heavy things around your five acres in a wheelbarrow.

And now you have to shovel long wide paths through the snow. A lane from the kitchen steps to the pig pen, with a detour to the wood-pile. The top of the wood, incidentally, is covered with three or four inches of new snow. You have to brush off that snow before you pick up the wood. A zigzag aisle from the front of the house to the garage; and a few hundred square feet of space between the garage and the road.

Boy, That's Work

A day or so after you've got used to the feel of a snowshovel the weather turns mild. The sun is hot. Ice forms on all your paths; and a new fall of snow makes them treacherous ways. You've got to shovel new roads. And then you're locked-in by the snow. For a time anyway.

And you begin to realize that something tremendous and wonderful has happened to you. The isolated little house in the wilderness has become a great and fascinating world, and you own it—or will, eventually, you hope. It holds more adventure than Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Paris, London, Helsinki, or any other city you may know. And it has peace.

It is startling to meet peace thus face to face; and even more

startling to realize you have never met her before. You remember Father Devine of Harlem. "Peace—it's wonderful." Yeah, brother.

You wake in the morning and look out of your bedroom window. There is the still river. There is the snow. There are the great pines in dark green and ermine. There are the naked bone-white birches. There are the bare black maples. There are the everlasting hills with their ever-changing colors.

There is the wood pile, and the pump, and the snow shovel. And something in you greets them as friends. They've made you strong. You're still unskilled labor around this amateur farm. But that doesn't matter. You find you can do easily now a job that would have broken your back a year ago. And you find, to your amazement, that you like doing the work.

And there is the typewriter, and the library; and there is the newspaper to be written and edited and sent to the printer; your own newspaper, yours and Catherine's. And there's the book you are writing when you haven't anything else to do—and, in the afternoon, the job of going down the road to the postoffice a mile away. If you can't get the car out of the garage, then you hoof it.

And What a Road

Fresh air. The sharp medicinal smell of pine. The tracks of a rabbit or a porcupine or a deer in the snow. The beauty of a bend in the road. The peculiar shape of a tree. The sudden scolding of a squirrel hidden in an emerald heaven. The feeling of youth and vigor in your body. And the friendly greetings of all you meet on the road. You are glad the car was locked-in.

You have been looking at the follies, the weaknesses, the sins of men or forty years; and you enjoyed it. Now you are looking at the grandeur and the glory and the might, and the wisdom and the love of God Almighty.

You wonder about those forty years. They weren't wasted, because they taught you a lot about life. But—suppose you had begun to study the things of God forty years earlier!

Well, maybe if you had—just maybe—then perhaps you wouldn't enjoy them half so much as you do now. Maybe you enjoy them because, and not in spite of, that background of murders, suicides, divorces, riots, scandals, trials, travels, and war.

It is snowing again. We may be locked-in for a day or two longer than we expected. We may have to delay that lecture trip planned for this month, which will take up to New York, Chicago, Kansas City, and other far off places.

A day or two more in this frozen paradise.

Dear God, let it keep snowing if You will. This old newshawk doesn't mind at all. And there's a new snow shovel in the garage.

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